Interesting Press Reports on Lincoln

Coach Lincoln Rode To Gettysburg Is Found On Sidetrack

Baltimore, Md., April 15.--The railroad coach in which Abraham Lincoln rode to Gettysburg to deliver his famous address on the battlefield in 1864 was found Wednesday on a sidetrack in the yards of the Western Maryland railway. The historic but dilapidated car was discovered by a Pennsylvania committee of the Lincoln Highway association that visited Baltimore.

The committee will seek to have the coach taken to Gettysburg and kept as a historic memorial.

Lincoln's Speech on the Battlefield of Gettysburg

Four-score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal. Now we are engaged in a great civil war, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting-place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this. But, in a larger sense we can not dedicate--we can not consecrate, we cannot hallow this ground. The brave men who struggled here have consecrated far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us, the living, rather to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have this far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us, that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion; that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain; that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom; and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

Recalls Sitting On Lincoln's Lap

Chillicothe, O.--Sitting on the knee of "The Great Emancipator"--Abraham Lincoln--is one incident in the life of Howard E. Harmon, a local resident, which he treasures as sacred.

But relatively few persons can recall ever having seen Lincoln. Only one Chillicothean can boast of having sat upon

the great man's knee. It was during a visit to Washington in 1863, when his father, his brother and himself were guests of the president at the White house.

Othias Harmon, father of Rolland and Howard E. Harmon, and a personal friend of Lincoln, accepted an invitation to visit the capital. The elder Harmon's acquaintance with Lincoln began when the two men were workers on barges plying on the Mississippi river. Lincoln, later, took up law, while Harmon returned here and began tanning leather in the old tannery at the entrance of Yoctangee park.

Lincoln and Harmon continued their friendship, corresponding frequently. When the elder Harmon and his sons visited the White House the president greeted them cordially and "made them at home," said Howard. The youngsters were entertained by Lincoln, who held each of them in turn on his knee and told them some of his famous stories.

Lincoln Epigrams

Patriotism is love for one's flag in action. Ballots are the rightful and peaceful successors of bullets.

The strife of elections is but human nature applied to the facts of the case.

Let the people know the truth and the country is safe.

You must remember that some things legally right are not morally right.

Labor is the superior of capital and deserves much the higher consideration.

Whatever is calculated to improve the condition of the honest, struggling, laboring man, I am for that thing.

Why should there not be a patient confidence in the ultimate justice of the people? Is there a better or equal hope in the world?

Nothing stamped with the Divine image and likeness was sent into the world to be trodden on and degraded by its fellows.

You can fool some of the people all of the time or all of the people some of the time; but you can't fool all of the people all of the time.

To my mother I owe all I am, and all that I have achieved. She was my inspiration.

I remember my mother's prayers, and they have always followed me. They have clung to me all my life.

I am not bound to win, but I am bound to be true. I am not bound to succeed, but I am bound to live up to what light I have. (This quotation, though not certainly from Lincoln, expresses his principle regarding ambition.)

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Authority on Abe Lincoln's Snores Dies

Retired Banker Liked To Tell of Nap Spoiled By Statesman

Madison, Wis., Dec. 17.--(By Associated Press.)--L. S. Hanks, 87 years old, retired president of the State Bank of Madison, and world authority on the slumbering activities of Abraham Lincoln, died at his home here Wednesday.

Hanks took keen delight in telling of the night in 1859 when he tried to sleep with Abraham Lincoln, but failed because the angular statesman snored so loudly and thrashed his legs about when he slept.

Hanks, who was 21, was staying at the home of an uncle, William Tallman, at Janesville, where Lincoln was a gues when he came to Janesville to make a speech. When Hanks was told that he would have to sleep on the lounge because Lincoln had the only spare bed, Lincoln invited Hanks to sleep with him.

"I lay on the side of the bed next to the wall, and I went to sleep," Hanks recounted. "I was awakened when Lincoln came to bed, but I pretended to be asleep. Lincoln was quiet for ten or fifteen minutes and apparently he went to sleep.

"He seemed to be very nervous while he slept. His body twitched and jerked spasmodically and every time he moved he touched me. He kicked his long legs around and there were audible sounds of sleep. He and Tallman were strong abolitionists, and perhaps his conversation with Tallman that night had made him nervous.

"Finally I could stand it no longer and I got out of bed and went into the hall, where I slept the rest of the night."

Col. Clowry Sent Telegrams For Lincoln

Col. Robert C. Clowry, recently deceased, and former president of the Western Union Telegraph company, was one of the most active men in the country for his age and loved a good story and delighted in telling of his experiences and of men and women he met in his early days. He used to motor into New York nearly every day from Tarrytown to attend to business and lunch and confab with old friends.

One of the stories he was most fond of telling was his first meeting with Abraham Lincoln when the latter was a young lawyer with no thoughts, at least expressed thoughts, of being president of the United States. Mr. Clowry was then an operator in an Illinois town, and a tall, gangling man with the traditional frock coat, necktie and soft hat strolled into the office and handed the operator a telegram addressed to Washington, "signed

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A. Lincoln."

"That's how I learned his name was Lincoln," said Colonel Clowry, when telling the story. "I could tell he was a country lawyer, and he stopped and talked awhile about crops and the neighborhood, and was very pleasant. When he came back later I had an answer for him addressed Abraham Lincoln, and it told about winning a case in which he was the lawyer. He was very pleased and talked some more and shook hands with me when he left, saying that he would soon see me again.

"It was a long time after that I saw him again. He was then president of the United States and his name was in every mouth in the country. I went into the Civil war as a captain and had charge of many wires and sent and received many telegrams for the president, but never saw him until the war was over. He looked just the same as the day I sent that telegram for him, a little older, maybe; and he didn't look at me more than a few minutes when he recognized me, altho he said I had changed some. And I had."--New York World.

'Booth's' Embalmed Body Long On Display In Oklahoma Town

Denver Man Recalls That Upright Figure of 'Assassin,' Under Ghastly Green Glow, Made Many A Susceptible Spectator Abjure Rum

Down at Enid, Okla., until a few years ago, the body of the man supposed to be John Wilkes Booth, assassin of President Lincoln, was the town's chief institution of interest.

It served several purposes--it brought historians there. It was an ever-fresh subject for argument, it was the best implement possible for a joke when the town wags were in fettle, and it was no weak worker in the temperance cause.

William Morrison, a Denver advertising man, is one of those who saw the body in its uncanny setting in Barrett's undertaking establishment at Enid, before, according to latest reports, it was taken to Tennessee.

"It wasn't a scene you're likely to forget," Morrison said recently. "Arriving at Enid, of course you asked to view the body, for, no matter how skeptical you were, you couldn't help but be impressed by the absolute conviction of every resident that John Wilkes Booth escaped his pursuers after the assassination, became a modern Ishmael, an outcast with all the sorrows of the Wandering Jew upon him, finally went to Enid to die a suicide in 1903, and that his body was embalmed in what the undertaker described as 'one of the finest jobs ever done, if I do say it myself.'

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"So proud was the undertaker that he never overlooked an opportunity to display the corpse, altho he had his own peculiar ideas of how it should be displayed.

"The stranger was conducted thru the chapel of the establishment into a rear room, where caskets sat in perpetual gloom. A black velvet curtain concealed one corner. The visitor was placed squarely before the curtain. Someone pulled a cord. The curtain rolled back, and an electric light snapped on above, spreading a faint green glow.

"And there in that ghastly illumination stood Both, upright, leaning negligently on a cane with one hand, and with the other stretched out as if for a fraternal grip.

"Confronted with that apparition, many's the man who's been known to go right out and sign the pledge."

Morrison said the face of the dead man resembled closely all the photographs he had seen of Booth, with allowances for the years that had passed since the slaying of a president closed Booth's brilliantly promising career as an actor.

Booth was reported shot and killed by soldiers in a barn near Bowling Green, Va., soon after the assassination of Lincoln, but reports persisted that he had escaped. Last Saturday his niece, Blanche Booth, declared in Minnesota that the rumors were true, and that the Enid body actually was that of her uncle, who had been known there as David E. George.--Denver Post

Body of Assassin of Lincoln in Tennessee

Dr. Clarence True Wilson Claims Booth's Body Now Lies in Memphis and Says He Saw It Only Few Months Ago

Washington, Feb. 21.--The body of John Wilkes Booth, assassin of Abraham Lincoln, is at Memphis, Tenn., in a "perfect state of preservation," Dr. Clarence True Wilson, who has made an exhaustive investigation of the Lincoln shooting, told International News Service Saturday.

"I saw the body several months ago," said Dr. Wilson, "finding on it many marks of identification which prove conclusively that the man was Booth.

"When I was a boy in Maryland, I was told the story of Tooth's escape from his pursuers by several persons who were themselves in the plot. Since that time I've been gathering proof that Lincoln's slayer was not killed by soldiers as generally believed.

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"At the time soldiers from Washington were searching for Booth in lower Maryland, near here, the slayer was riding horseback and on his way west.

"Gerald Ruddy was the man shot and killed. His body was turned over to the Booth family and was buried in Baltimore."

One of the marks by which he identified the body in Memphis as that of Booth, Dr. Wilson said, was a cut over his left eye.

"Booth's body was never buried." Wilson continued. "It was turned over to an old couple in Memphis. The man died several months ago and his wife now cares for the body."

He declined to give this woman's name or her address in Memphis.
"In investigating the circumstances of Booth's escape I talked to all members of his family," Dr. Wilson said

"They all knew about it. Most of them saw and talked with him after he fled from Washington. The story told by his niece in Minneapolis is true. She saw her uncle just before he died."

Dr. Wilson characterized as "absurd" the story of the man in Moline, Ill., who said he was the only one who knew where Booth was buried.

"That man's name is not mentioned in any of the stories concerning Booth," Dr. Wilson said. "There was no secret about the burial of the body believed to be that of Booth. The government turned it over to the family of Booth four years after Lincoln's assassination."

Tales of Honest Abe

In the conversation which occurred before dinner," said one friend of Lincoln, "I was amused to observe the manner in which Mr. Lincoln used the anecdotes for which he is so famous. Where men bred in courts accustomed to the world, or versed in diplomacy, would use some subterfuge, or would make a polite speech, or give a shrug of the shoulders as the means of getting out of an embarrassing position, Mr. Lincoln raises a laugh by some bold West country anecdote and moves off in the cloud of merriment produced by the joke.

"Thus, when Mr. Bates was remonstrating apparently against the appointment of some indifferent lawyer to a place of judicial importance the president interposed with: 'Come, now Bates he's not half as bad as you think. Besides that, I must tell you he did me a good turn long ago. When I took to the law, I was going to court one morning, with some ten or twelve miles of bad road before me, and I had no horse. The judge overtook me in the wagon. "Hallo, Lincoln! are you not going to the courthouse. Come in and I will give you a seat."

"'Well, I got in, and the judge went on reading his papers. Presently the wagon struck a stump on one side of the road: then it hopped off to the other. I looked out, and I saw the driver was jerking from side to side in his seat. So says I: "Judge I think your coachman has been taking a little drop too much this morning." "Well, I declare Lincoln," said he.

"I should not much wonder if you are right, for he has nearly upset me half a dozen times since starting." So putting his head out of the window, he shouted: "Why, you infernal scoundrel, you are drunk!"

"Upon which, pulling up his horses and turning around with great gravity, the coachman said: "By gorra! that's the first rightful decision that you have given for the last twelve months." While the company were laughing, the president beat a quiet retreat from the neighborhood of the attorney general."

Lincoln gives here his own account of the way he won a law case: "I was retained in the defense of a man charged before a justice of the piece with assault and battery. It was in the country, and when I got to the place of trial I found the whole neighborhood excited, and the feeling was strong against my client. I saw the only way was to get up a laugh and get the people in good humor. It turned out that the prosecuting witness was talkative; he described the fight at great length; how they had fought over a field, now by the barn, again down to the creek, and over it, and so on. I asked him on cross-examination how large that field was. He said it was ten acres; he new it was, for he and some one else had stepped it off with a pole. 'Well, then,' I inquired, 'was not that the smallest crop of a fight you have ever seen raised off of ten acres?" The hit took. The laughter was uproarous and in half an hour the prosecuting witness was retreating amid the jeers of the crowd."

Lincoln's Own Story

Life Sketch Furnished by Himself in Campaign of 1860

I was born February 12, 1809, in Hardin county, Kentucky. My parents were both born in Virginia, of undistinguishable families--second families, perhaps I should say. My mother, who died in my tenth year, was of a family of the name of Hanks, some of whom now reside in Adams, and others in Macon, county, Illinois. My paternal grandfather, Abraham Lincoln, emigrated from Rockingham county, Virginia, to Kentucky about 1781 or '82 where, a year or two later, he was killed by Indians, not in battle, but by stealth, when he was laboring to open a farm in the forest.

"His ancestors, who were Quakers, went to Virginia from Berks county, Pennsylvania. An effort to identify them with the New England family of the same name ended in nothing more than a similarity of Christian names in both families, such as Enoch, Levi, Mordecai, Solomon, Abraham and the like.

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"My father, at the death of his father, was but 6 years of age, and he grew up literally without education. He removed from Kentucky to what is now Spencer county, Indiana, in my eighth year. We reached our new home about the time the state came into the Union. It was a wild region, with many bears and other wild animals still in the woods. There I grew up. There were some schools, so called, but no qualification was ever required of a teacher beyond readin' writin' and cipherin' to the Rule of Three. If a straggler, supposed to understand Latin, happened to sojourn in the neighborhood, he was looked upon as a wizard. There was absolutely nothing to excite ambition for education. Of course, when I came of age I did not know much. Still, somehow, I could read, write and cipher to the Rule of Three, but that was all. I have not been to school since. The little advance I now have upon this store of education I have picked up from time to time under the pressure of necessity.

"I was raised to farm work, which I continued till I was 22. At 22 I came to Illinois and passed the first year in Macon county. Then I got to New Salem, at that time in Sangamon, now in Menard county, where I remained a year as a sort of clerk in a store. Then came the Black Hawk war, and I was elected a captain of volunteers--a success which gave me more pleasure than any I have had since. I went through the campaign, was elected, ran for the legislature the same year (1832), and was beaten--the only time I have since been beaten by the people. The next, and three succeeding biennial elections I was elected to the legislature. I was not a candidate afterward. During this legislative period I studied law and removed to Springfield to practice it. In 1846 I was once elected to the lower house of congress, but was not a candidate for re-election. From 1849 to 1854, both inclusive, I practiced law more assiduously than ever before. Always a Whig in politics, and generally on the Whig electoral tickets, making active canvasses. I was losing interest in politics when the repeal of the Missouri compromise aroused me again. What I have done since then is pretty well know.

"If any personal description of me is thought desirable, it may be said I am in height six feet four inches, nearly; lean in flesh, weighing, on an average, 180 pounds; dark complexion, with coarse black hair and gray eyes. No other marks or brands recollected. Yours very truly, "A. Lincoln."

Official Bust of Lincoln

Accepted For New Post Cards

This portrait of Abraham Lincoln, photographed from bronze

bas relief by Pickette, is the property of L. G. Muller, member of the Lincoln Fellowship association, New York, secretary of the Columbian Bank Note company of Chicago, and member of the Hamilton club. It has been accepted by the United States government as the portrait that will appear on the proposed Lincoln issue of postal cards.

The portrait is pronounced by men such as George E. Roberts, former director of the United States mint, as "the finest likeness of Lincoln that has yet appeared.

Abraham Lincoln's Favorite Poem, Written by William Knox

"Oh, Why Should The Spirit Of Mortal Be Proud"

O Why should the spirit of mortal be proud?
Like a swift-fleeting meteor, a fast-flying
cloud,

A flash of the lightning, a break of the wave,
He passes from life to his rest in the grave.

The leaves of the oak and the willow shall fade,
Be scattered around and together be laid;
And the young and the old and the low and the high
Shall molder to dust and together shall lie.

The infant the mother attended and loved,
The mother that infant's affection who proved,
The husband that mother and infant who blessed--
Each, all, are away in their dwelling of rest.

The hand of the king that the scepter hath borne,
The brow of the priest that the miter hath worn,
The eye of the sage and the heart of the brave
Are hidden and lost in the depth of the grave.

The peasant whose lot was to sow and to reap,
The herdsman who climbed with his goats up the
steep,
The beggar who wandered in search of his bread,
Have faded away like the grass that we tread.

So the multitude goes, like the flower or weed
That withers away to let others succeed;
So the multitude comes--even those we behold--
To repeat every tale that has often been told.

For we are the same our fathers have been;

We see the same sights our fathers have seen;
We drink the same stream, we view the same sun
And run the same course our fathers have run.

The thoughts we are thinking our fathers would
think;
From the death we are shrinking our fathers would
shrink;
To the life we are clinging they also would cling,
But it speeds from us all like a bird on the wing;

They loved, but the story we cannot unfold;
They scorned, but the heart of the haughty is cold;
They grieved, but no wail from their slumber will
come;
They joyed, but the tongue of their gladness is done.

They died--aye, they died--and we things that are
now,
That walk on the turf that lies over their brow
And make in their dwellings a transient abode,
Meet the things that they met on their pilgrimage
road.

Yea, hope and despondency, pleasure and pain
Are mingled together in sunshine and rain;
And the smile and the tear, the song and the dirge,
Still follow each other like surge upon surge.

'Tis the wink of an eye, 'Tis the draft of a breath
From the blossoms of health to the paleness of death,
From the gilded saloon to the bier and the shroud.
O why should the spirit of mortal be proud?

How Lincoln Came To Be Nominated For President

Chicago, Feb. 15.--New and what are believed to be hitherto unpublished incidents concerning the politics which gave Abraham Lincoln the Republican nomination for the presidency for the first time were told here yesterday in an address before the Hamilton Club by Addison G. Proctor, of St. Joseph, Mich., who believes himself the only surviving member of the famous "Split Rail" convention.

Mr. Proctor gave to one man, Cassius M. Clay, of Kentucky, the credit for forcing the nomination of Lincoln out of a chaotic, disorganized opposition to the regular candidate for the nomination, Wm. H. Seward, of New York. This is how Clay's influence was exerted as related by Mr. Proctor

Well Organized For Seward

"When the convention opened Mr. Seward's interests were in

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the hands of Thurlow Weed, and were well organized. The opposition, of which Horace Greeley was the prominent figure, was absolutely without organization, or community of desire. To show how much without aim we were working, I recall that Mr. Greeley said to us when within thirty hours of the time for balloting, answering a question as to whom we should unite upon to oppose Seward:

"I think well of Edward Bates, of Missouri; he is a strong man and I believe one of the best we could nominate.'

Lacks Experience.

"'How about Lincoln?' we asked and Greeley replied: 'While Mr. Lincoln is an adroit politician, he lacks experience in public affairs and while we are drifting toward a crisis, I do not believe the country will trust a man so lacking in experience in national affairs.'

"We were discussing matters in the old Briggs House in Chicago with Mr. Clay and his mountain men from western Virginia, Tennessee and Kentucky.

"Clay was a man of most interesting personality and he had an interesting group.

Eve of Civil War.

"'We are on the eve of a great civil war,' began Mr. Clay, but we of Kansas were used to strong words and smiled. The mountaineer looked at us sternly and continued: "'We know what your platform plans are, and I am here to say that if a candidate is nominated on that platform the South will make an attempt to dissever the union. Your southern border extends from Maryland to Missouri and on this side stands a determined body of men, resolute that the Union shall not be destroyed except after a most desperate struggle.

"'It makes a great difference to you whom you nominate,' thundered on the tall Kentuckian, 'and it makes a much more vital difference to us. Our homes and all we possess are in peril. We demand of you a candidate who will inspire our courage and confidence.

Nominate Lincoln.

"'We call upon you to nominate Abe Lincoln, who knows us and understands our aspirations. Give us Lincoln and we will push back your battle line from the Ohio river to the Tennessee, where it belongs. Give us Lincoln and we will bring success to our legions. Do this for us,' pleaded the speaker, 'and we will go home and prepare for the conflict.'

"We saw things from a new angle. It was no longer a question of fighting slavery, but of saving the Union. Lincoln was nominated."

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DENVER REALTY MAN TELLS OF MEETING 'BOOTH' IN LAND DEAL

'Assassin,' Cowed and Furtive, and Still Limping From Injury Received in Flight From Theater, Lived in Dugout on Oklahoma Claim, He Says.

W. H. Hall, Denver real estate man, Thursday added his reminiscences to the growing volume of testimony that the man who died at Enid, Okla., in 1903 was John Wilkes Booth, assassin of President Lincoln.

Hall, who operated a bank at Hydro, Okla., at the time the Kiowa, Caddo and Commanche lands of that section were opened to settlement in 1901 and 1902, knew thru business transactions the mysterious stranger who used the name "David E. George" and who killed himself at Enid after writing a confession that he was Booth.

"The disposal by lottery of the Indian lands brought thousands of settlers and prospective settlers to the district," Hall said, "and among them was the slender, piercing-eyed, limping man who gave the name of David E. George, and had about him the mannerisms of a person cringing beneath some great fear. Many who won tracts of land sold their rights immediately, and it was thru a relinquishment deal that I met the man I am convinced was Booth.

"In the lottery, he won section 26, township 13, range 12, of Caddo county. One day a neighbor of his came into the bank and said George wanted to sell his relinquishment, but preferred not to come into Hydro, requesting that I drive out to his place and negotiate the deal.

"I found the man's home to be a dugout, common thereabout in those days--a boarded-up cave sunk into an embankment, with one room, built of unpainted lumber, projecting. As I approached, the occupant appeared and disappeared at the door four or five times, furtively. I decided then I was dealing with a fugitive, but fugitives were common in that region when the great virgin Indian lands were being opened. Leaving the buggy, I shouted my name and identity at the door, and the man limped out of the obscurity in the rear of the hovel and invited me in.

"At one time my patron's hair had been raven black, but it was then streaked with white. He was a nervous man, a man who appeared to labor under a dread he had known so long it had become a part of him. The limp was an identification, it developed later, for it may have resulted, and I believe it did, from the broken ankle Booth suffered when he leaped from Lincoln's box to the stage.

"The man said he was not a farmer, but anyone could have seen that. He bore the stamp of an artist of some kind, and all that he might have passed thru had not obliterated that stamp. He said he had decided he could not succeed in cultivating the section the government had given me, and that he wanted me to sell his relinquishment, but he did not want to appear himself at the El Reno land office to attend to the formalities; he wanted me to do if for him.

I agreed. A few days later I sold his relinquishment and entered the deal at El Reno. Then I sent word to the man that I was too busy to take his money to his homestead, that he would have to come to Hydro after it.

"He came a day or so later, and, while I attended to the final details of payment, he paced restlessly back and forth in the bank lobby. I pushed his $1,700 thru the wicket. He started to count the $10 and $20 bills, but thumbed

only a few of them before he gathered the whole into a wad, crammed it into his pocket and almost ran out of the door.

"The man, I learned later, went to the nearby town of Enid and lived there, a recluse. Then he killed himself, leaving his confession, and mentioning in it that he had come to Oklahoma from Texas, a statement he had made to me during the relinquishment negotiations. That he had lived in Texas several years and once, believing himself dying, had confessed that he was Booth there, was stated last week, I read, by his niece in Minnesota."

Denver Post.

LINCOLN CREDITED WITH A MULTITUDE OF FATHERS

Lincoln is credited with more fathers than any man in history in an effort to give him a heroic parentage, but Thomas Lincoln of Kentucky was his real father, declares J. G. de Roulhac Hamilton, head of the department of history and government at the University of North Carolina, in the current issue of "The American Mercury."

"Mere Abraham Lincoln, it appears, could never have been all he was, could never have attained his vast size unless behind him lay the explanation of heroic parentage," says Hamilton. "So legend has sought to furnish him with that parentage.

"Seven cities claimed Homer dead, but seven sires are all too few for Lincoln. We are asked to believe that he was the son of Thomas Lincoln of Kentucky, who was, at least, his putative father; of Abraham Enlow, of Hardin county, Kentucky; of Abraham Enloe, of Swain county, North Carolina; of Abraham Inlow, of Bourbon County, Kentucky; of George Brownfield, of Kentucky; of Martin D. Hardin, of Kentucky; of Samuel Davis, of Kentucky; of Patrick Henry, of Virginia, of Henry Clay of Kentucky; of John C. Calhoun, of South Carolina; of Adam Springs, of North Carolina; of one Andrew -----, an adopted son of Chief Justice Marshall; and, presumably, of any and every male person of his time who ever came--or did not come--within hailing distance, of any locality where any person named Nancy Hanks ever lived.

Confusion Of Claims Didn't Bother Him.

"Had Lincoln been compelled to confront this confusion of claims, he would have been a wise child to know his own father. But there is no evidence of his having been bothered while he lived with this task of choosing his father. He could have been pardoned perhaps, in view of the list from which he could have chosen, had he selected some one else than Thomas, the least impressive of them all. With a whole firmament to choose from, why select a mere meteoric stone?

"Nowhere else in history, so far as I am aware, has any such multiplicity of fathers been ascribed to any man. It is as unique a tribute as was ever paid any man, as unique in fact, as the subject was as an individual, that Lincoln has a dozen.

"No, the early stories with one exception, did not originate in enmity or among those whom circumstances had placed in opposition to Lincoln. They came from friends. Nor were they given to the public in the bitterness of a political campaign, or even during the lifetime of their subject, when they might have worked him injury.

Was Never Proud of his Father.

"There is not a scrap of even dubious evidence to show that Lincoln himself ever had reason to believe that anyone thought him filius nullius, there is no credible evidence that he thought himself other than Thomas Lincoln's son, tho there is considerable proof that he was never proud of his father.

"It is true that a number of the latter stories of the irregularity of his paternity originated in the south, but investigation shows no sign of hostile intent in them. The only explanation that is at all satisfying to an inquiring mind is that alluded to in the beginning.

"Each and every one of these stories has its advocates, and all of them ignore such trifling things as facts of time and space. They value word of mouth tradition (with little question of the character of the mouth) more highly than the incontestable evidence of records. For the growth of these legends, the defenders of Thomas Lincoln and Nancy Hanks are undoubtedly in part responsible. They have sought to prove too much about Thomas and the Hanks family, and in their attempt they have become as untrustworthy as the proponents of the other side. But, it is argued, where there is so much smoke there must be some fire, and hence Lincoln must have been illegimate. This is the most plausible of all the arguments, but if it is to be sustained we must have a new set of claimants, or else leave the paternal honor to Thomas Lincoln, where it would seem most clearly to belong."

Did Lincoln's Assassin Really Escape?

Now Comes a Woman with Documents to Support Her Claim That She Is the Daughter of John Wilkes Booth, and That He Married Her Mother While Hiding in the Tennessee Mountains.

At intervals during the half century since the assassination of Abraham Lincoln efforts have been made to disprove accepted historical records—to show that John Wilkes Booth did not pay the penalty for his crime, but made good his escape.

The latest of these efforts is just now being made by a Tennessee woman who claims to hold proofs that she is the daughter of the actor-assassin; that her mother, now dead, then a widow living in the Tennessee mountains, was married to John Wilkes Booth while he was hiding there in the years shortly following the national tragedy at Ford's Theatre, in Washington, in which he was the chief actor.

The explanation of such a possibility is the same as has been advanced before, that the Federal troops, which surrounded the historic tobacco house on Garrett's farm, realizing that Booth had eluded them and buried himself somewhere in the more or less sympathetic South, deliberately made their identification fit another man, the one shot to death by Boston Corbett.

The great need of the Government to appease the horror and grief of virtually the whole country, and the eagerness of that searching party to secure the large reward offered for the assassin's capture, caused this false identification to be officially accepted and placed on record. Thus the theories of Booth's successful escape, in the face of history to the contrary, is explained.

The same explanation was made eight years ago, when, in Oklahoma, a scholarly and mysterious recluse known as David E. George, died by his own hand, leaving a

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written confession that he was John Wilkes Booth, the assassin of Abraham Lincoln.

The Tennessee woman, who now declares that she is the daughter of John Wilkes booth, and submits documentary evidence in substantiation of her claim, is Mrs. L. A. Howard. She insists that Booth, with the assistance of friends, managed to escape, living to marry Mrs. Howard's mother, Mrs. Louisa J. Payne, then a young widow, in the mountains of Tennessee, on February 24, 1872. She further says that her father was the man who committed suicide in Enid, Okla., in 1903, leaving a written confession that his real name was John Wilkes Booth.

Mrs. Howard exhibits a certified copy of her mother's marriage certificate, made out to J. W. Booth and Louisa J. Payne, attached to which is a faded bit of paper bearing the signature, "J. Wilkes Booth," which she declares was torn from the records of the Tennessee Court with the permission of the clerk. This signature appears to be identical with authentic facsimiles of the signature of Booth.

In addition to these proofs Mrs. Howard has a picture of the recluse who committed suicide in Oklahoma, taken after his death, together with a copy of his confession that he was Booth. The picture of the suicide bears a striking resemblance to the more familiar photographs of Booth. The signature to the confession appears identical with that on the marriage license.

The mountain people in Tennessee who knew Mrs. Howard's father say she is very much like him. She has the same dark eyes and the same magnetic personality. They uphold her theory that he was Booth: that he lived to marry and become a father, and then, driven by fear to wander from place to place, until, in desperation he finally took his own life in the far West, probably without knowledge of the child that had been born to him in the mountains of Tennessee.

John W. Booth
to
Louisa J. Payne

Issued Feb. 24th, 1872.
I solemnized the rite of Matrimony between the within named parties on the 25th day of Feb. 1872,
C. C. Rose, J.P.

State of Tennessee,
Franklin County

I Geo. Manley clerk of the County Court of Franklin County Tenn., do hereby certify that the above is a true and perfect copy of the Marriage license issued to John. W. Booth to marry Louisa J. Payne on date above named, and the return thereon, as appears of record in my office in Marriage Record book Page 375. Given under my hand and seal of office ct. office in Winchester this July 6, 1903.
Geo. Manley, Clk.

Facsimile of the Marriage Certificate Issued to "J. W. Booth" and Louisa J. Payne.

By Mrs. L. A. Howard.

There is no doubt in my mind that J. Wilkes B ooth, the actor, was my father.

There is no doubt that my father was named J. W. Booth. The certificate of his marriage to my mother proves that. From what people in Tennessee who knew my father tell me, there is every indication that he was a man of parts. His familiarity with Shakespeare strengthens the belief that he was also familiar with the stage.

There has always been some doubt as to whether the body identified as that of Booth by the Federal soldiers was in reality the body of the actor. There is every reason to believe that Booth may have escaped into the South. The Federal soldiers would have been likely to palm off an alien body as that of Booth in order not to lose the reward that had been offered for him.

My mother often tole me that I was the daughter of the man accused of the assassination of President Lincoln. My father deserted my mother several months after their marriage--of course, before I was born. This fact, to my mind, is still further evidence that my father was Booth. My mother always believed that her husband had received sudden information that made him apprehensive of arrest on a charge of responsibility for the death of the President. My mother never heard of my father again after he left her. She was always reticent about discussing my father. I believe that my father confided his identity to her prior to their marriage, and that she always respected his confidence.

My attention was attracted to the Oklahoma suicide by a report in a newspaper that because of his familiarity with the classical dramas he was suspected of being the actor-assassin, even before his confession was found after his death. I have corresponded with a number of people in Oklahoma who knew the recluse, and the statements of all of these have been borne out materially that he may have been Booth. The likeness between the pictures of the two men is most striking. I have also been told that I bear a striking resemblance to both of them. To my mind my case is complete, but it is very hard to break down a theory that has passed into History.

I have much documentary evidence to substantiate my claims. The marriage license issued to Louisa J. Payne and J. W. Booth speaks for itself. That the marriage was celebrated is attested by court records. There could hardly have been two J. W. Booths. That my father came into the Tennessee mountains a stranger shortly after the assassination of the President is established. His signature upon the Franklin County Court records is similar in every detail to authentic signatures of Booth. The signature of the Oklahoma suicide to his confession, a copy of which I have, is also the Booth signature. My theory will bear close scrutiny at every point. It would almost stand the test of a court of law.

My mother was a widow at the time of her marriage to my father. She remained true to his memory to the last. Whatever he may have told her of his previous history was buried with her when she died. She told me upon her death bed that he was the man accused of the assassination of the President.

Of how he managed to escape after that terrible night in Washinton and of why he chose the Tennessee hills as a hiding place I do not know. That he did so escape seems borne out by the evidence I hold in my possession. If that be true, then I am certainly his daughter. If the Oklahoma hermit and J. Wilkes Booth are one and the same, then I am the hiress of the former.

But above all other considerations I wish to clear the matter up because of its historical importance, and its importance to me as an individual. I want to know who my father was. He came into Tennessee, wooed and won and married my mother, and then deserted her. I cannot believe that he left her of his own volition. She was not the kind of woman that a man would want to leave.

There must have been a strong outside influence that prompted him to the desertion of his family. To my mind it must have been the ever-present fear that the authorities were after him. This fear made him a wanderer over the face of the earth until, in desperation, he ended his own life in the little Oklahoma town.

I shall never rest until this matter has been definitely settled.